UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Not Without Religion - *A. Powell Davies*

F. S. Marvin: Prophet of Progress - - - - - *F. H. Amphlett Micklewright*

On the Misuse of Words - *Arthur L. Weatherly*

The Cult of Expediency - *David M. Bloch*

Voices of Latin America - *John H. Hershey*

THE STUDY TABLE

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The Field

William Floyd
1871-1943

For more than thirty years I enjoyed "the dear honor of William Floyd's amity," and now do not know "which part may greater be"—what I keep of him, or what death has robbed from me. I only know that at this moment I feel wretchedly poor.

And I am not the only one, for Floyd's life was full of friends. They clustered all about him, young and old, distinguished and undistinguished, and he loved them every one. It was beautiful to see his humility among them, admiring and extolling them as a child his heroes, and never dreaming that he was himself among the best and truest of his own good company. And his generosity with them! No one will ever know the amount of time and money this dear man lavished upon his friends and their good causes, but it was bountiful beyond all proportions to his income. He gave much directly, on his own account, I have no doubt. But his chief delight was to make his benefactions through his friends and on behalf of their interests. He would learn, with eager sympathy, what *you* were doing to save this unhappy world, and then he would help you do it, and never ask himself to be recognized and rewarded. He gave more often, therefore, to please others than to gratify himself. His chief happiness was to see others made happy by what he did for them. And he had a queer, whimsical, playful way of being generous. He would say: "Now, I'll give you this money, but on condition . . . " Then he would lay down some terms of his own—that you must come to dinner once in so often, or what not— and only as you lived up scrupulously to these terms, did he fulfill his promise. It was a kind of game that he played, to the delight of everyone concerned. You might almost say that, in his bountiful giving, he was a kind practical joker, with the joke turned inside out, so to speak. The usual practical joke leaves its victim embarrassed, humiliated, and that is the reason we do not like it. But Floyd's practical jokes with his gifts left his friends elated, enlarged, uplifted, and endlessly happy. There is a way of doing things—and Floyd's way of being generous was a way of spiritual magic.

If I were to name the one quality in William Floyd's life which was central to his character, I would specify his integrity, by which I mean fidelity to his inner thought and life. He was a man who was all of a single piece. This was evident in what might be called the trivial aspects of his mien and habit. He was born and reared a gentleman, if you will accept this word in its spiritual meaning, and he came to live in a period of careless manners and loose morals. Ours is in many ways a degenerate age, and all too many of us show it in our heedless ways of life. But in all the years of my close friendship with William Floyd, I never found him even for an instant living beneath his own best standards. I have searched my mind in vain for the recollection of a single rude action, or a single profane or careless word.—*From an address by John Haynes Holmes.*

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXIX FEBRUARY, 1944 No. 12

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

Well, the old year has gone (good riddance!) and the new year has come, and the world has had a whole month in which to settle down to the grim task of carrying on the war. We had a grand time prophesying that 1944 would see the end of the struggle—even a man like General Eisenhower joined in the game! But now that we have taken up our work again, with all the celebration fever down to normal, we are not so sure. Little by little it is beginning to sink in that the war against Japan has not even begun yet. These little skirmishes in the Pacific, fought with such pathetic courage and such grievous losses, all duly magnified by conspiracy of government and newspapers into major battles, have not made even a dent upon the real front of Japanese resistance. Our enemy feels not at all discouraged, and has no slightest thought of surrender. As for Germany, what sign is there of the devoutly wished for collapse? The destruction from bombing must be terrible. But John Scott reports in *Life* that "there has been no panic in Berlin. The population have borne up with dignity. People look grim, but their spirit is unbroken." As for this destruction working havoc upon industrial and military production, where is there indication of it? Is it never suspected that the Nazis have widely scattered their factories, as in the Black Forest, for example, and thus made them immune to intensive bombing? Are we to suppose that they have not yet put many of their manufacturing plants underground—a thing which they did years ago with their hangars on their flying fields? The idea that these diabolically ingenious fighters are just taking this bombing lying down is too ridiculous for words. These Nazis, be sure of that, are digging in for a fight to the finish, and the struggle is not only going to be terrible but long. The sooner we realize this fact, the better for our morale, and the better certainly for our whole program of individual and social life in the years ahead. We count it well-nigh criminal that the public should be allowed—nay, actually taught—to believe that the war is sweeping on triumphantly, and that the finish is not so far away. What this false optimism will lead to, if allowed to continue at the present rate, is a disillusionment which will wreck every last hope of humankind. Whether this disillusionment can be escaped in any case is doubtful. But deliberately to invite it by fooling the public mind is folly akin to madness.

II

The President's address to Congress on January 11th was one of the ablest documents that ever came from his hand. It was clear, precise, unequivocal. One might disagree with every proposition submitted, with every recommendation offered, and still be moved to admiration. Furthermore, it bore every aspect of being a sincerer statement than many another which he has spoken. Mr. Roosevelt's plea for a national service law embracing the entire able-bodied citizenry of the country is certain to cost him the support of labor in a presidential election year. That means something in the case of a man as sensitive to public sentiment as Mr. Roosevelt. This same sincerity persuades me to accept as conclusive the President's categorical assurance that there were no secret agreements at Cairo or Teheran. This is important, as reliable correspondents have definitely stated that there were such agreements, as there always have been in such circumstances. But the President says, not so!—and such statement must stand. The general impression conveyed by the message is that the war is going to last far longer than most of our easy-going optimists are now saying (see our comment above!); that the people are not behind the war in any such spirit or with any such unanimity as the administration desires; and that the government is asked to take things in hand and whip the public into line. The address was a masterpiece of suavity, but running all through it was a threat alike to Congress and the people. In other words, the message was a thoroughgoing war message, and was extraordinarily powerful because the President is a thoroughgoing war President. Let this be clearly understood—that Mr. Roosevelt is not and never has been a peace man. This fact determined his pre-war policies, determines now his "unconditional surrender" policies, and will determine his post-war policies if he is in office after the war is done. The idea that anything is possible short of fighting this war through to the bitter end, at any cost

of liberty and life—the idea that anything is possible after the war short of crushing the defeated enemy into utter impotence—this lies not within the area of Mr. Roosevelt's mind. It is for this reason that this latest message to Congress is to be welcomed as a forthright statement of the war picture. It will be interesting to see how the people respond to this deliberate reopening of "the purple testament of war."

III

Worry about Russia in the post-war world springs not merely from what seem to be the nationalistic policies of the Soviets, but from the whole set-up of Russia as the dominant European power after the fighting is over. Of that position of dominance on the continent, it seems to me, there can be no question, as witness the much-discussed speech of General Smuts last month. With Germany defeated and disabled, what power is there in Europe to dispute control with Russia? Whatever is done or not done with Poland, Finland, Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia, Bessarabia, the triumphant armies of Marshal Stalin will everywhere hold sway, and in due course consolidate a military and political position of supremacy. And that's where the trouble begins, for the dominant power in Europe has for hundreds of years been at war with combinations of lesser powers invariably backed by Britain. This was true in the case of Philip II, Charles V, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, Napoleon Bonaparte, Napoleon III, Kaiser Wilhelm II, and Fuehrer Adolf Hitler. Why should we expect any change in a precedent which seems to have become as the very law of the Medes and the Persians in European life? That rivalry or contention will spring up immediately in the post-war world is not to be supposed. The exhaustion of all the countries engaged in this war will be so complete after the suspension of hostilities that any idea of resuming them is certainly out of the question for many years to come. Indeed, it is not impossible, if the war continues beyond all present expectation, that the prostration of Europe will be as final as it is complete. But in the normal development of life and history, Russia will take the place of continental dominance hitherto held by one country after another, and the same wars which have come in such circumstance before are likely to come in the same circumstance again. Peoples do not like these wars—indeed, they fear and hate them. Governments do not want them—indeed, they would gladly avoid them if they could protect their interests and secure their aims in any other way. But under an imperialistic system of international relationships, things simply do not work out in any other way. Our one hope of any peace, in other words, is the ending of imperialism. But wars do not end imperialism. They cultivate it and foster it, sowing in one war the dragon's teeth that grow up into the harvest of armed men who fight the next war. This present war, in its avowed purposes and ideals, is a struggle for a world in which war shall be known no more. But already it is producing in the new nationalistic Russia the perfect candidate for the succession to the German Reich as the dominant European power. Anyone who can see prospect of enduring peace in this development is fortunate. I can see nothing but one more chapter of a still continuing story.

IV

Strange things are happening these days. Old sanctities are being cast away as so much rubbish, and new substitutes being invented and seized upon as so much treasure. A new world is apparently on the way, but what kind of a new world? Look at Soviet Russia, for example, throwing lightly aside the "Internationale" and adopting in its stead a new national anthem. This is the last place where I would have expected such a change—from revolutionary internationalism glorifying "the human race" to patriotic nationalism glorifying war, and soil, and motherland. Why, I thought that "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation" was as sacred in Russia as the "Marseillaise" in France or the "Te Deum" in the Christian church. Here was the fervent proclamation of the class struggle and of the overthrow of capitalism, and of the final triumph of the workers. And now all this must go in favor of a song as crassly patriotic as "The Star Spangled Banner"! But there are other changes in other countries also. Right here in America, for example, there came last month the astonishing news that President Roosevelt is tired of "the New Deal," and wants his present administration baptized afresh with some such slogan as "Win the War." That the New Deal is in a state of suspended animation has been apparent for a long time, but I had not imagined that the President was scrapping it. Why, after this war is won, what are we going to need quite so much as a greater New Deal, spread around the world, to establish peace forever? Can it be that the return to "normalcy," in this war as in the last war, has already begun? It is difficult to associate such an idea with Roosevelt, but the trend of the times is unmistakable. But we have not yet finished our list of amazing transformations. What are we to say to the paralyzing announcement of the Communist Party that it is going out of business as a political organization, and is going to function henceforth as a private society of men and women devoted to the support of the prosperous system of industrial free enterprise in this country? The Communists gone over to the support of the very capitalism which they have been denouncing all these years! Not even the Party's thick and thin support of the administration's war policies prepared for such a presto-change as this. Verily, our world is hardly recognizable any more. All of which reminds me that in ancient Rome there was a poet named Ovid, who wrote a very famous poem called the "Metamorphoses." This poem narrated the changes from form to form in which the pagan gods and goddesses used frequently to indulge. It seems a pity that Ovid

is not still alive, to record in fitting poetry the strange changes of our time.

V

Do you want to see what war can do to a decent, civilized human being? It is not always a lovely spectacle, and in the case which is now before me it is decidedly ugly. But we must face it for our soul's good, and as one more lesson on the horror and danger of war. The case in question is that of Irvin S. Cobb, the sage of Paducah, one of our great American humorists, and a genial, kindly man. Word got about some time ago that he was dangerously ill, if not actually dead. Frightened inquiries began to pour in from his friends. Something must be done to quiet a rumor which was not true! So he selected one of his solicitous friends to whom he wrote a letter telling the facts about his physical condition, which were not serious, and he released this letter to the press. It was an epistle bubbling over with fun and good nature—Irvin Cobb at his best!—and ending with a particularly happy paragraph referring to the then Christmas season:

> The approach of the holiday season gives me double incentive to thank all the kindly souls who have shown solicitude regarding my state of health or lack of such. As for me, I content myself with the refrain, "Merry symptoms and a tappy new year."

How happy it would have been if this paragraph had really been the end! But something moved Irvin Cobb to add to his letter a postscript, which read as follows:

> P. S. If General Patton has outlived his usefulness by his bedside manners overseas—but I hope not—I venture to suggest that they fetch him home and for just about two weeks turn over to him the management of that nest of slimy, scaly, shark-toothed, yellow-bellied concentrates out at Tule Lake [Japanese relocation center in California].
>
> Two weeks should be ample, maybe ten days. By then peace and quiet will have descended on that troubled center, traveling on all fours will have become the natural gait of the surviving inmates, and the landscape will look as though somebody had been cleaning fish-gills, gore, and guts all over the place.

I may be wrong, but, so far as I know, this war has produced no more loathsome sentiment than this of Mr. Cobb. It may be that some such sentiment has been expressed by the Nazi gangsters—it would certainly fit some of the things that they have done! But here is a good American who has worked himself into such an orgy of hate, that he would have these same things done by us. He would have that Tule Lake relocation center put in the hands of a brute, and the inmates so beaten up and tortured and generally maimed that they would be unable to stand erect, and the camp would be one bleeding mess of "gore and guts." Of course, Mr. Cobb does not mean what he says—he would be the first to revolt if he were made to witness such horror. But the point is, he *thinks* he means what he says—which shows what war has done to his soul. This is a perfect specimen of stay-at-home ferocity, for which all decent Americans should bow their heads in shame.

VI

Will the British government withdraw the MacDonald White Paper? This is the fateful document, it will be remembered, which ends Jewish immigration into Palestine, and therewith shuts up the Zionist community in a kind of inaccessible prison camp. That the great adventure of Zion can survive this cutting of the blood stream is quite impossible. That the British should adhere to the provisions of the White Paper in the face of the present horror of the Jewish refugee problem is altogether incredible, yet there comes not a whisper that Britain will relent by lifting the ban now due to be imposed on March 31st next. The Empire is apparently determined to go ahead, and therewith join Germany in the dreadful business of exterminating the Jews. The situation might be less terrible if the original reason for the White Paper were still valid. That reason, such as it was, had to do with the Arabs and the imperialistic necessity of placating them. Britain contended that in the then serious diplomatic set-up in the Near East, and in the Mediterranean world generally, she could not afford to offend the Arabs by favoring the Jewish cause in Palestine. That's the way Britain put it! But now the situation is changed. There is no danger any longer of Nazi predominance in the Near East, and no legitimate fear, therefore, of Arab hostility. If the Empire does not act now, it can only be because she is not interested in doing the just and humane thing, nor concerned with keeping her solemn promises to Zion. It will be manifest that Britain is simply not friendly to the Jewish homeland, but on the contrary is willing to see it fall upon disaster. But to some of us this has been manifest for a long time! This present crisis is only the last of a series of crises which show, every one of them, that the British Empire has its own interests in Palestine, and that these interests are in no sense coincident with Jewish interests. Which brings us face to face with the question as to why the Zionists have looked to Britain all these years, and still look, for the salvation of their cause. The weakness of Zionism from the day of the Balfour Declaration to the present hour has been just this slavish dependence upon the British Empire. Why not cut loose from the Empire? Why look to London for aid and comfort? Why not ignore, or defy, the mandate, and take destiny into one's own hands? As regards the Arabs, why not deal with them direct, and work out existing problems in the mutual interest of both the parties concerned? Judah Magnes, of the Hebrew University, has contended from the beginning that this can be done. And so it can—if the British Empire is only removed from the scene. I think the Jews have been patient long enough. Britain cannot, as she will not, save their cause in Palestine. In this case, as in every other, "God helps those who help themselves."

Jottings

Wrote William Cowper in his poem, "The Task":

> "My ear is pained,
> My soul is sick with every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled."

This was in the eighteenth century. What would Cowper think or say if he were alive today? Then indeed would he pray

> ". . . for a lodge in some vast wilderness . . .
> Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war
> Might never reach [him] more."

Newspaper headlines in New York:

(1) "Fats Waller Funeral Attended by 2500."
New York Herald-Tribune.

(2) "Fats Waller Rites Attended by 4200."
New York Times.

Which paper do you read? It all depends!

When the United States entered the war, the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York stripped its galleries of its great paintings and sculptures which it stored away in a safe place. These art works are now being returned. This must mean that we are at last secure from bombardments, from which, as a matter of fact, we were never in any danger.

The fiercest prejudice which exists in this country today is prejudice not against the Negro, nor yet against the Jew, but against the Roman Catholic. And it is a prejudice shared and fostered by people who claim to be liberals! Catholics have their faults, as indeed have Negroes and Jews and other people, but they are entitled to all the respect and affection which we give to others among our brethren in the human family.

A series of film shorts, entitled "This Is America," is being sent to South America in the interest of "the good neighbor" policy. But to Latin Americans, as the *Worldover Press* points out, this title is like calling a film "This Is the United States," and then showing pictures of Ohio! What good does that do?

This war was started in 1939 to save Poland from invasion and to preserve intact her boundaries. Would you ever know this from what is going on today?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Not Without Religion

A. POWELL DAVIES

There are probably more people today than ever before in human history, who want to make a better world. They are tired of war and insecurity. They are weary, too, of poverty and exploitation. The time has come, they think, to seek a better plan. But are they such people as can carry through the necessary changes? — achieving new international arrangements, new kinds of government to banish war between the nations, new attitudes to race and caste and ancient prejudice? Are they able to be farseeing when it would be "second nature" to remain shortsighted? Can they be unselfish, patient, persistent, enduringly courageous? Because if not, their plans will never see fulfillment.

What kind of people must they be who can undertake the hoped-for transformations? Certainly not the kind of people who failed to undertake them in time to prevent the present war. Do we have now what we lacked then? We have a certain amount of experience, of course, and whatever it may have taught us. That is why we realize the need to make these changes. We know how suddenly and shatteringly the peace of the world can be destroyed, and we know that wherever a war may begin, it engulfs us all before it ends. We begin to know, too, that injustice in one place sooner or later brings retribution not only in that place but also in all others. We suffer not only for the sins we actively commit but for the responsibilities we callously default. We cannot escape the oneness of the world we live in; somehow or other, we must organize it as a decent and secure community or watch the world return to barbarism, if not to self-destruction.

But is the knowledge of these things sufficient in itself? Will we use this knowledge when the present vivid evidence is not so much in sight? What will we do when we are tempted to go back to old, familiar ways, to follow narrower purposes, to be preoccupied and selfish once again? Is knowledge in itself enough to change us? There are those who hope it is. Yet, a great deal of history stands against them. Something has to happen to conscience, too; something must fill the hearts of men. There has to be, not only the obviousness of common sense but also the power of inspiration. There has to be new moral force, new vision, new spiritual impulse. There has to be, in short, a faith sufficient for the purpose, or, in a single word, religion.

If it is argued that great changes have been made without religion, such as in the Russian Revolution, the answer is that too traditional a definition is being given to the word "religion." When the Russian Revolution first began, it did so as a total claim upon all human life. It was a world evangelism—something intended to convert the entire earth to its purpose and beliefs. Psychologically, it fulfilled the requirements of a religion in every category. It had its gospel, its apostles, its orthodoxy, its creeds, its disciplines, its devotees, its apocalyptic vision — in fact, everything except what men had formerly regarded as a God. That these beliefs have since been somewhat changed is not surprising; this is a thing that happens with all new religions.

There is always a religious faith behind great changes

—whether it is instantly identified as such or not. There was behind the American Revolution. To found a nation upon freedom and equality of human rights—that is to say, upon a universal principle depending for its validity upon unprecedented faith in human nature—was a religious purpose of the highest order. As Abraham Lincoln put it later, to go on with such a venture was impossible unless you believed in "a power in the life," a spiritual force sufficient for the purpose. But of course, the American Revolution was a great deal more than this: it was a turning point in the spiritual history of mankind. It turned its back on tyranny and superstition both—the twin burden which ancient man had never been able to throw off—and marched towards freedom of every kind, including the freedom of the open and emancipated mind. This implied, as Walt Whitman said it did, the religion of equality, of free and universal brotherhood, inspired and nurtured by the God who is truly and altogether Spirit.

Can we hope to succeed in the tasks now before us if we are spiritually uninspired? Where shall we find the moral energies, the patient courage, the triumphant faith, if our hearts are unmoved, our belief uncertain, our souls unstirred? Can we do the things we need to do—and go on doing them until the task is finished—without religion?

The question almost answers itself. To change the world you have to change the people in it—the people who will undertake the work. It is true that conditions mold people and that if you want to change mankind you must change the conditions that will shape its life. Yes, but before this can be brought about, a generation must emerge that can shake off the past, that can surpass the normal expectation of a single generation, and change the world by first changing itself. This means, if it means anything at all, that there must be a generation that will be changed by a new insurgence of religion. For how else could it be changed? Men are transformed not by the challenge they face but by what enters into them when they meet that challenge. And what enters into the minds and hearts of men with power enough to change them is religion.

It is startling to see how rapidly at last this all-important truth is being realized. I do not mean by churchmen. Many churchmen have very little understanding of religion. They are too busy protecting a dwindling institutional significance in a world that is crumbling away. I mean by so-called secular thinkers those we do not usually associate with religion. Of course, some few of them have always known. It is a long while now since Bernard Shaw, for instance, first pointed out to everyone's surprise that, in his view, the only important question in the end remains today as in the past, the question of religion. He spent a great deal of his lifetime thinking about questions of economics and politics and of how to make a better world. Sometimes he assumed, like other revolutionary thinkers, rather casually (as Hesketh Pearson, his biographer has pointed out) that all we need to do is to change the conditions and humanity itself will change. But this was never his deeper, underlying thought. Nor was it, in the final outcome, his most emphatic view. He knew quite well that men who change the world must always be religious—and time after time he said so.

To speak of Shaw is to call to mind his friend and contemporary, H. G. Wells. He, too, gave most of his lifetime to the hope of a better world. But at the end of his *Outline of History,* what is his conjecture? It is that "out of the trouble and tragedy of this present time there may emerge a moral and intellectual revival, a *religious* revival, of a simplicity and scope to draw men together" for the making of this better world. "Religious emotion," he says, "stripped of corruptions and freed from its last priestly entanglements may presently blow through life again like a great wind . . . making many things possible and easy that in these present days of exhaustion seem almost too difficult to desire."

That was before the present war—though not without some expectation of the troubles we are in. What do our writers say who have lived through the recent years of calamity and upheaval? Over and over again, they tell us that the new world must begin with a religious impulse—a transformation of the human heart and an upsurge of the spirit. That is the message of the *City of Man,* written in the early days of the war, and signed by seventeen well-known modern writers. It was the cause of Lewis Mumford turning away from such treatises as *The Civilization of Cities* and writing with glowing urgency, his *Faith for Living.* It is the underlying theme of Herbert Agar's *Time for Greatness.* It has produced book after book, essay after essay, poem after poem. Every sensitive mind in the modern world is troubled and preoccupied with it.

Because it is not a thing that can be stated in flowing sentences but only something that must be felt as a goading urgency, many a gifted writer stammers when he speaks of it. Mr. John Chamberlain, in the *New York Times* (November 27), complains of this stammering in G. A. Borgese's new book, *Common Cause.* I think I know why it is so hard to say what Mr. Borgese wants to say, to the satisfaction of a critical reviewer. The "common cause" that Mr. Borgese is looking for and trying to define is not spontaneously articulate; it cannot be until religion makes it so. The purpose cannot proceed any faster than the faith. Therefore, we shall not see a truly clear purpose, a genuine and self-evident common cause, until the faith is there to make it clear—and to move it to fulfillment.

Meanwhile, in a truly remarkable article in the November 7th issue of the *New York Times,* Arthur Koestler, one of the really outstanding analysts of modern times, points up the situation quite precisely. Koestler is a native of Hungary. He was a newspaperman in Germany for fifteen years, was imprisoned and sentenced to death in Spain during the Civil War. Reprieved, he soon found himself in prison again, this time in France, early in the present war. Fortunately, he was able to escape to England. He is the author of *Spanish Testament, Dialogue With Death,* and *Darkness at Noon,* and has recently brought out another notable book, *Arrival and Departure.* This is what he says in the article I mentioned: "I believe that the day is not far when the present interregnum will end, and a new ferment will arise . . . not a new party or sect, but an irresistible global mood, a spiritual springtide like early Christianity or the Renaissance . . ." Yes, a spiritual springtide! an insurgence of religion! For, he says earlier in the article, at present "in this war, we are fighting against a total lie in the name of a half-truth." I think that is the truest and most concise description of the present war that I have ever seen. We are fighting an utterly ancient

evil in the name of something that is partly the new world we want to make and partly the old world we are afraid to lose. It is that in every way—that politically, that socially, that internationally, that intellectually, that spiritually.

And nothing makes it more apparent that this is so than to notice how the old world religious institutions are struggling for survival. Institutions that not only have no power to mold the better world we want, but which deliberately obstruct it. Archbishop Spellman who spent so much time at the Vatican and in Spain and at the fighting fronts early last year, is a representative instance of what I mean. I am sure he is personally a very good man, and, in his own evalution, a well-intentioned one in world affairs. But his intention is that of the dominant part of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. This hierarchy has publicly professed itself as uneasy in its mind concerning the recent Moscow agreements—agreements which, whatever their shortcomings, represent the best hope the world has seen for many a day. It is quite evident that the hierarchy would much have preferred that there had been no Moscow agreements. For the Vatican desires, quite patently, a European federation of anti-Russian states, none of them truly democratic, all of them authoritarian and very friendly to the Vatican's ambitions.

But to return to Archbishop Spellman. In *Collier's* magazine, he wrote these words in praise of General Franco:

> My impressions of him are in accordance with his reputation as a very sincere, serious and intelligent man. . . . Whatever general criticism has been made of General Franco (and it has been considerable) I cannot doubt that he is a man loyal to his God, devoted to his country's welfare, and definitely willing to sacrifice himself in any capacity and to any extent for Spain.

This, of course, is the General Franco of one of the most ruthless and cold-blooded terroristic tyrannies in Europe, the General Franco who sent congratulations early in November to José P. Laurel, Japanese-installed President of the Phillipines.*

Meanwhile, none of the traditional Churches, whether Catholic or Protestant, can bring the inspiration of a true and live religion to the modern world and still remain traditional. Only a religion which proclaims the brotherhood of man without distinction of nation, race, or creed, can bring the needed inspiration. It must be a free religion and, because free, universal. It must recognize white and colored, Jew and gentile, Moslem, Hindu, Buddhist, Christian—all men whatsoever who are ready to devote themselves to freedom and the world community—as fully equal in the brotherhood of such believers. The only division—and the inevitable one—is between those who accept this brotherhood and rejoice in it and those who repudiate it and betray it. The new and better world can only be built by those who believe in this kind of community; and who, in the freedom of their minds, have pledged their hearts in full devotion to a world to be made one.

None of the traditional religions will suffice for this. They belong to yesterday with its superstitions and its tyrannies. When they divest themselves of these, they will no longer be traditional religions. They will be federated parts within a greater whole—differing in emphasis and not forgetful of their separate history—but united in their basic faith and universal practice. Meanwhile, it is very doubtful that they have within themselves the means to bring about this change. A new religion must be heard first in the voice of prophets who proclaim the new, unshackled by all venerable bonds and undeterred by ancient limitations. It must choose freely from the past what it knows will serve the present—both choose and reject with equal freedom—and yet speak from the living conscience always and from nothing less. Its knowledge must be modern knowledge, but it will resist all claims to know that would restrict its inner truth or dissipate its moral impulse. The knowledge that issues in futility—that says that nothing can be done, that the universe is meaningless, that life is accident and emptiness and leads from nothingness to nowhere—this would be counted unsupported speculation used as a camouflage for moral indolence, and so a sort of treason to the human venture. The religion that can make a better world will know that a better world is well worth making. And that the power to make it can be found within the human spirit and nurtured there—not as something synthetic, extracted from residues of superstition and blended with sophistry and wishful thinking by the subtle logic of sophisticated minds, but as something simple and self-evidential, speaking through conscience, seen in the beauty of the blinding vision no more than in the courage of the patient dream, something that as it ebbs and flows can know more intimately, with the passing of the years, what Power it is that has been called "the power in the life."

This new religion will not be complete in doctrine—ever. Its very essence is the need to face the truth of incompleteness. Man cannot know before he ventures, but must trust himself to what he has begun to know. Religion is faith. And faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." That is the truth which all religions have seen for a moment—and forgotten. The new religion must see it and remember. Must discover within the human heart the creative substance, the clear foreshadowing, the divine premonition—of things hoped for. Must sift the unreal from the real. Must find the evidence that has come to us through living and must know it as compelling. This evidence is far from scarce. We have seen it in history—even recent history. We have found it in experience—our own experience. The truth that speaks through conscience has the ringing sound of something solid when it tells us we must seek the world made one, the consummated brotherhood of man.

The day is not far off when this religion, now emerging, will command throughout the earth the heart of every honest man. Will sweep through the world with the wind of prophecy. Will bring the power to carry swiftly to fulfillment the purposes for which, today, we labor painfully and yearn and pray. Meanwhile, as always, there is need for those who go before, whose path is in the wilderness, who stumble through the darkness that is just before the dawn—the pioneers.

"Enlighten the people generally and tyranny and oppressions of body and mind will vanish like evil spirits at the dawn of day."

Thomas Jefferson—1776.

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*It is interesting to note that when the good Archbishop's articles were assembled into a book, this paragraph was quite significantly changed. The indication of personal acquaintance with the General has disappeared and the Archbishop writes only from hearsay. "I had been told by some who had known him all his life," he says, "that the Generalissimo was a God-fearing, serious and intelligent man, striving to do what he thought was best for Spain."

F. S. Marvin: Prophet of Progress

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

The recent death at the age of eighty of F. S. Marvin is an event calling for more than the usual obituary notice. An old scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, and a well-known Inspector of Schools, Marvin was also one of the last of the English Positivists, a scholarly band who influenced national culture to no small degree sixty years ago. As a young man, he had collaborated with Professor Beesly, Frederic Harrison, and J. H. Bridges in the preaching of a gospel of humanity which should take the place of the old prescientific supernaturalism. His later books were deservedly well-known; *The Living Past* and *A Century of Hope* recalled the characteristically Comtist doctrine of the unity of history. Marvin urged that the past was still alive in the present through the quality of its scientific and cultural achievements; in this fact he saw the reflection of an idea of progress which should still carry humanity on to ever-greater heights. Even the later events in Europe could not dim his faith as it appears in this more recent *New Spirit in Man* and in an article in a very recent number of UNITY. One of his last books was a complete reversion to his first love of undergraduate days; a scholarly study of Auguste Comte and his place in philosophical and sociological thinking.

The work of Marvin marks a distinctive stage in cultural thought. Science, through its nineteenth century developments, not only so widened the universe as to leave scant place for the older supernaturalisms; it likewise smashed up once and for all Protestant bibliolatry with its anti-aesthetic philistinism. Positivism sought to be a synthesis created out of the midst of this chaos of destruction. Even if supernaturalism was dead, Christianity was an ennobling cultural strain within the development of European civilization. Most of the Positivists were social historians—an attitude which they had learned from Comte—and their sense of social history led them to see the close identification of Christian traditionalism with Catholicism. Both stood for unity as a principle within a conflicting world, the one seemed the complement of the other. Comte's English disciples applied their master's theory of a religion of humanity as a scientific version of Catholicism in which the conception of Humanity, idealized and personified, should take the place of the traditional Deity. Worship and supplication might be directed towards it and in the growth of Humanity might be found the sense of the unity and progress existing within history.

The theory obtained the allegiance of many men of outstanding abilities, among whom F. S. Marvin was by no means the least of its more recent disciples; it swept through the University of Oxford and also obtained the qualified allegiance of George Eliot, John Stuart Mill, and John Morley. At the time, it was heavily attacked both from the theological side and also by such protagonists of rationalism as T. H. Huxley and Goldwin Smith. Huxley labeled it "Catholicism minus Christianity," a telling phrase going to the root of the matter, whilst Goldwin Smith urged that a respect for humanity in the abstract did not mean that one should accord to it a religious worship which could be in reality no more than the worship of an abstraction. More than one historian was uncertain of Comte's three exact stages of history: the theological, the metaphysical commencing with Descartes, and the positive having its rise with modern science. There was a tendency on the part of Humanists and rationalists to reject Comtist dogmatism whilst more recently a faith in man as he might be potentially has led such thinkers as Julian Huxley into an exploration of an extra-human mysticism which the Comtist would have repudiated violently.

Since 1919, it has not been so easy to hold the Positivist doctrines. Relapse has shown itself throughout the Western world. Ideas of progress have called for severe modification, and history is not explained easily as a straight-lined development. Humanity becomes less easy of explanation when some terms of reference, standing over and beyond the human self, are left out of the picture. To a recent historical sociologist, Professor Toynbee, history has become as the throb of a pulse, yet something demanding human endeavor if any progress is to be maintained. Theology in every form refuses to be relegated to the cave-man level of intellectual existence and calls constantly for new assessment. The practical death of the once-powerful English Positivist school is a sign of the decay which has overtaken religions having no other groundwork than humanity conceived in the abstract. Marvin toiled bravely on despite such discouragement; the composite volumes of lectures which he issued, such as *The Unity of Western Civilization,* provided a worthy platform for various well-known scholars and publicists; *Progress and History* contains a notable message of hope for man's moral progress from Dr. L. P. Jacks. Yet the star of Positivism had set in the crash occasioned by two World Wars. A future Humanism must seek to stretch forth into the realms of poetry and mysticism if it is to find wellsprings of existence. It will then have come to the position where it joins hands with a religious view of man which accepts "something beyond." A mere denial of supernaturalism and a substitution of man read in terms of post-Darwinian science for the God of the older religions is no real solution to the more pressing of human problems.

Yet Positivism was more than a necessary stage in latter-day religious and cultural advance; it was a much needed protest against certain types of religious orthodoxy which allowed an expanding view of the universe whilst restricting the idea of God to traditional models. In a repudiation of theologies making this fatal blunder, Positivists did good service though the creation of a mysticism centering in Humanity was far from being a satisfactory alternative, for it was likewise a restriction of the idea of God. Again, the work of the Positivists was noteworthy in that it laid the modern foundations for a science of history and of sociology. Historical unity was a point which Comte emphasized; it was driven home by ideas of progress inspired through Darwinian theories of evolution. The Comtist approach was a useful corrective to the somewhat loose individualism which marred so much last century thought and against which even Mill was commencing to protest at the time of his early death. Present-day reactions against Positivism might do well to ponder these points. The reversion into religious orthodoxy reflected by authors of the type of Doctor Micklem

tends to neglect the unified idea of history and to so stress faith in God as to rob man in himself of all meaning. An admission of this point of view means that man is handed over to the powers of an evil secularity and that any vital religious approach to sociology is a logical impossibility. Even among some liberal Christians a very broad and critical analysis of the points at which religious belief has touched historical ground has been accompanied by a narrow and unprogressive theory of Deity. The Comtist attitude is a warning that the pressure of such views may well result in a culture excluding any idea of God from the universe by way of reaction. A mysticism which finds its Deity in the revelation of the stream of life and which sees man as the theatre of Divine activity may claim to be more than a humanistic reaction against older orthodoxies. It is at least one legacy of the Romantic Revival which Goethe would have recognized; it is a synthesis between views of Deity which transcend the limitations of mankind and the practical protest of the Positivist. This neo-Humanism may well prove to be the position which religious liberals will be increasingly forced to adopt as the one sure foundation for a religious universalism issuing forth in practical achievement. It is at least a logical development of certain cultural streams which have become manifest since Lessing and the eighteenth century romantic protest against a frigid and unexpansive Deism.

Much that F. S. Marvin wrote will need remodelling in the years to come. Progress and development are plants too frail of stature to stand alone within the chaos of a world where all traditional values are in process of challenge. But the solid achievements of the Positivist school will still have a place within another context. As the Comtists saw, the religion of a scientific future can have no room for supernaturalism in the old sense of an arbitrary Divine irruption into human history, still less can it include the restrictions and anti-aesthetic tendencies of Protestant bibliolatry. The need is for a religious culture which shall be humanist in the sixteenth century meaning of that much-abused term, which shall recover to itself a relevance to art and to poetry, and which shall express itself through a mysticism based upon man's intuitions and penetrating forth into the Unknown lying at the center of human experience. Perhaps, in this sense, it was really a short step from Marvin to Father Tyrrell, Alfred Loisy, and the Catholic Modernists. If so, his approach is none the worse for its direction. A future religious liberalism needs the cold veracity of a Martineau but it likewise needs the warmth and comfort of those qualities, so real to natural man, which Puritanism often ruthlessly discarded.

On the Misuse of Words

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

One of the great difficulties in modern life lies in the fact that we do not have a common language. Because of this it is almost if not quite impossible for persons who think that they are speaking such a language to understand one another. One might just as well speak in Hebrew and the other in Greek. How often an argument ends with these words, "Oh, you were talking about one thing and I another!" Two men spent an evening in somewhat acrimonious discussion of democracy. When both were wearied and willing to listen to one another they made the discovery that they had been discussing two entirely separate subjects. One discussed a political system and the other was concerned with a historical process. When the word love is used, its meaning must be as carefully defined as if it were a foreign word.

It is because of this difficulty that the words pacifism, nonresistance, the police, and the army must be defined in order that they may be used in any conversation among intelligent people.

The uses of the word peace are many. The poets write of the peaceful waters. The Arab speeds his parting guest with the words, "Peace go with thee." The religionist affirms that he is at peace with all men. Peace as between nations means that they are not at war with one another. The pacifist strives for this kind of peace. It is a word that has had this connotation for thousands of years. But when the subject of pacifism is discussed there almost inevitably appears on the scene the dear old grandmother. Helpless, she is being attacked by a vicious man. "What would you do?" the pacifist is asked. "I would protect her, of course." "Aha!" his opponent cries. "There I have got you. You are no pacifist. I knew you were not all the time." The pacifist is a bit nonplussed at the assurance and ignorance of his questioner. He has answered the grandmother argument so many times that he is weary of it. But he begins by saying, "I am not talking about nonresistance." That is as far as he gets, for his opponent at this point interrupts with, "You are dodging the issue. You say that you would defend your grandmother; you therefore have no excuse for pacifism." The argument may go on and on without either of the debaters using a common language.

The nonresistant has a definite theory as to personal conduct. It is not my purpose to defend this theory. But it is well to note that it is the plain and explicit teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. It is also true that many, if not innumerable, individuals have lived in accordance with it. The theory has worked in their lives. Whether or not it would work universally is another matter. But no one questions that universal peace among nations is desirable. The pacifist asserts that it is universally possible.

The grandmother incident out of the way there comes the next question which the pacifist must face. His opponent, pointing an index finger at him, says, "Now do you or do you not believe in a police force in this city?" The pacifist replies, "I certainly do believe in a police force." At once his opponent shouts in glee, "There I have got you. Your pacifism hasn't an inch of solid ground on which to stand." In vain the pacifist explains that an army is not a police force. In war the nation through its governing officials acts as accuser, as judge and jury and finally as executioner. A police force is subject to law. The police officer acts under and in accordance with law. He can accuse and bring before a tribunal an alleged offender. There his

duty ends.

An army acts without law; its officers and men seek to do the will of the nation. When a nation uses an army against another nation it is not an appeal to justice, reason, or law. It is frankly an appeal to force. The police officer takes a man to a court. This is an appeal to law and reason. The business of an army is to kill men—more men than its opponents kill. It is reason versus physical force. There can be no identification of the one with the other. Further, the pacifist urges, the police deal with the wrongdoer. The army deals with those who have no responsibility for the action of the government. But so long as his opponent has the fixed idea that a police force and an army are synonomous terms he gets nowhere with his argument. After all is said by way of argument, the pacifist must await the verdict of human experience. His is the high hope that the verdict will be in his favor.

The Cult of Expediency

DAVID M. BLOCH

No one who is at all conscious of the world situation today can fail to notice that our boasted civilization suffers from what could be appropriately diagnosed as "sclerosis of the spirit." More than any civilization, ours glorifies the material energies, ignores man's spiritual qualities, and pampers his physical wants. A crass materialism permeates all walks of life. The humblest citizen as well as the most favored, the conservative as well as the radical, looks with disdain upon anyone who still retains his faith in the eternal verities and does not bow in submission to the modern Moloch of expediency.

In nearly all countries, those who hold the seats of power and administer its laws scoff at idealism and follow a policy of opportunism. That this kind of a policy was instrumental in precipitating two wars in a generation, one more devastating than the other, does not seem to disturb the tranquility of these dubious statesmen. They know perfectly well that a public which is indifferent to right and wrong is not likely to hold them responsible for their misdeeds. And so to the delight of all, the game of power politics is in full swing.

There is no doubt at all that a wise statesmanship backed by an enlightened public opinion could have prevented both major catastrophes. But we in the democratic lands, particularly in America, simply lacked the moral stamina to cope adequately with any serious situation with which we were confronted. How mild, for instance, were our protests against the terrible outrages committed by the beasts of Berlin, Tokyo, and Rome, before and after our entry into the bloody conflict! Belgians, Hollanders, Czechoslovaks, Greeks, Poles, Frenchmen, Chinese, Norwegians, Finns, Danes, and Yugoslavs were imprisoned, tortured, and killed by the tens of thousands, and we stood by and did practically nothing to stop it. Millions of Jews in Eastern Europe were annihilated and what have we done to halt the mass slaughter or save those who remained alive and were praying for death because life under the Nazis was unbearable?

The truth is that we in the English-speaking countries were too practical minded, too smug and contented, too engrossed in our worldly possessions, too saturated in the materialistic gospel of expediency to have been perturbed over what was taking place in other parts of the world. As long as these outrages were not perpetrated on our own shores, most of us were perfectly satisfied to remain quiescent.

Our moral apathy can by no means be attributed solely to the rise of Fascism. The fact remains that the basic cultural values of Western civilization were already on the decline years before Mussolini and Hitler ever appeared on the scene. France, slowly deserting her own rich spiritual and cultural heritage, was flirting with inferior, alien creeds. In both America and England, art, literature, science, and philosophy were paying homage to the machine and glorifying mediocrity. Avid for the applause of the populace, the great majority of writers were playing up to its whims and cherished superstitions. A few sophisticates like Wyndham Lewis and H. L. Mencken were satisfied to act as clowns for a small coterie of disillusioned, intellectual snobs. Destroying the old gods, they offered nothing in their place.

There were men of letters who, remaining true to their calling, catered neither to the whimsicalities of the few nor of the many and gave constructive criticism on the shortcomings of our civilization. Their admonitions, however, found but a feeble response from a people who were either indifferent or hostile to things of the spirit, and unconcerned about their fate. Disregarding the ideal postulates of the democratic founders, we continued to pay lip service to democracy while practicing injustice. The rule of the jungle, while not altogether followed, was nevertheless adhered to.

With the Russian revolution, a fresh hope enkindled in the hearts of many who were dissatisfied with the existing order. They were certain that here at last a new and better civilization was in the making. The rest of the world was bound sooner or later to accept the Communist credo and follow the Russian example. Utopia, they believed, while not exactly around the corner was certainly near at hand.

But this optimism was largely the result of wishful thinking. No dazzling light emanated from the Kremlin to illuminate the surrounding darkness. In the heat of the revolution it appeared as though it might profoundly alter the old way of life. But as the flames of revolt subsided, mankind had awakened to the sad fact that no fundamental change for the better had taken place. While the Russian Communists had partly succeeded in eliminating in their own country the evils of capitalism, they failed miserably in the difficult task that they had undertaken—reshaping the world. Instead of becoming the apostles of freedom as the gullible imagined, they had sacrificed most of the liberties on the altar of the totalitarian state. Excelling even the bourgeois, whom they so much despised, in their disregard and even contempt for spiritual values, they became ardent worshippers of the cult of expediency.

Those of us who were not blinded by fanaticism realized from the start that the leaders, Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin, were not the right men to direct the revolution along the desired goal. Fanatical disciples of Marx,

they tried to follow too closely on the heels of their master. And the Marxian philosophy was entirely too dogmatic and materialistic to be the proper guide for a free society. While Marx, unlike his predecessor Hegel, did not deify the state, he was nevertheless a blind worshipper of what he preferred to call the commune and was not at all concerned about the rights or aspirations of the individual. The love of home and family, freedom, tolerance, the search for beauty—God—he considered bourgeois virtues, and swept them aside with a gesture of contempt.

In spite of his moral fervor and passion for justice, Marx, like his countryman Nietzsche and the French syndicalist Sorel, was unfaithful to his mission. By some strange twist in their nature all of them, though idealists at heart, advocated a philosophy which conflicts with man's noblest strivings. In sanctioning violence and exalting reality they unwittingly helped to strengthen the very forces of obscurantism and reaction against which they rebelled.

Perhaps it would have been better for humanity if realists like Machiavelli of the fifteenth century, who extolled force, and materialists like Haeckel and Feuerbach of the eighteenth century, who almost deified matter, had never been born. By disparaging the higher virtues, without which no moral order can be established, they were in no small measure responsible for the chaos in our midst.

But while undoubtedly our moral delinquency is to a great extent attributable to the influence of those tough-minded philosophers, Humanists like Comte and economists like Ricardo, Bentham, and John Stuart Mill, are also partially responsible for the present impasse. These ardent champions of democracy were in the long run but "soft-boiled" materialists. They were neither conscious of the malevolent forces of nature, nor the spiritual power residing in man by which he can combat those evil forces and to a degree triumph over them. These practical thinkers in their zeal for social and economic reform greatly exaggerated the importance of material well-being. By considering economic comfort as a desired end in itself, instead of merely as a means that might enable us to beautify and ennoble our lives, they robbed life of much of its glory and reduced it to a sordid, mediocre level.

Even Rousseau who still has a large following among the liberals would have been shocked if he had realized the baneful effect his philosophy would exert upon the coming generations. By idolizing nature and the natural man, he was indirectly instrumental in paving the way for the modern cult of expediency.

Altogether too much praise had been showered upon the so-called common man by sentimental idealists such as Rousseau and Walt Witman. Neither they nor the realists gave a true interpretation of human nature: the former magnified man's virtues, the latter, his vices. As a matter of fact man is not quite the perverse animal that the realists would have us believe, nor the angelic creature that the idealists eulogize. While his essential nature may never be fully revealed, we do know that he is capable of the most atrocious as well as the most noble and heroic acts. Although of animal origin, man nevertheless possesses almost divine attributes. Unless we fully grasp the full significance of this dual part of his nature, we will not even begin to make a realistic approach to the problems confronting us.

If we are ever to regain our equilibrium and return to normalcy we must cease worshiping false prophets. Their fallacious doctrines will only lead us up a "blind alley." Nor can the scientists, the high priests of modernity, be of much help to us in solving our present dilemma. They, too, for the most part, by their rigid, materialistic interpretation of man's place in nature have too readily succumbed to the cult of expediency. It is largely because of their influence that we moderns have been depending so much on external agencies for our salvation. We seem to have forgotten the obvious truism that no organized group, be it a club, party, or government, can ever rise above the men and women on whom it depends for support.

We should have learned by now that there is no short road to the promised land. No party no matter how efficient, no revolution no matter how noble its purpose, can regenerate society if its individual members remain corrupt. The genuine thinkers—those who pried deeply into the human psyche—understood this only too well. They knew that in order to eliminate the wrongs which accumulate with each passing generation, it is not sufficient to merely change the existing system. If new evils are not to arise in place of the old, and a richer and more abundant life is to be created, man's inner nature, they felt, must be spiritually transformed as well.

It is therefore to the realistic idealists—both ancient and modern—the philosophers, mystics, saints, and sages that we ought to turn for guidance in this most crucial hour. Isaiah, Socrates, Jesus, Spinoza, Bergson, Thoreau, Berdyayev, Nehru—these truly great men by their thoughts and deeds point the way toward a better world. If we are to profit by their teaching we should direct our footsteps along the path they emblazoned.

That path may not be easy to follow and will not lead to Utopia. But we can rest assured that in following it we will not go astray, and we may eventually reach our goal.

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Voices of Latin America*

IV—José Carlos Mariátegui: Peruvian Socialist

JOHN H. HERSHEY

José Carlos Mariátegui, saint and Socialist, devoted his writing to the promotion of Socialism in Peru and elsewhere. He was a saint in the sense that he engaged in sacrificial labor even though poor and suffering, and a Socialist in applying the principles of Karl Marx to the study of Peru and other Latin-American countries. The account of this young man's career that follows is drawn from the book, *Biografia de José Carlos Mariátegui* (Chile, 1939) by Armando Bazán.

Born in 1895, Mariátegui was a mestizo that is, of white and Indian parents. The family was poor, and consequently he had to work at the early age of twelve in a printing shop. When a boy, he suffered a blow on his right knee, which ultimately led to his death at the age of thirty-five. As a youth he read a great deal and wrote poems. Becoming a writer, he was granted a scholarship to study in Europe, by the dictator President of Peru, Augusto B. Leguía, who ruled from 1919 to 1930. Mariátegui accepted and undertook the journey without, however, compromising his own principles with those of the political regime. He traveled in France, Germany, and Italy, and in the last country met the woman whom he married. Four years were spent in Europe observing and studying. Finally he returned to Peru where he spoke and wrote against semi-feudalism and capitalism and for Socialism. His illness, however, became worse, and he underwent a serious operation, his left leg being amputated. Overcome with grief for a brief time at his plight, he nevertheless recovered his spirit and endured, Bazán says, with a "magnificent noble silence." "Then America had one of the most beautiful and moving spectacles—that of a prostrate man who converted his grief into an inexhaustible source of life and creative optimism." Mariátegui's convalescence was rapid and, although confined to a wheel-chair, he began his activity of conferences and writing with more vigor than ever. He awoke early mornings to start writing at eight o'clock, except when a fever kept him in bed. A review was started by him in Lima entitled, *Amauta,* an Indian word meaning, "Master Prophet." It had distinguished contributors from many countries. He also initiated a more popular magazine for workers, but it was suppressed by the government soon after it appeared. Finally, he planned to leave Lima for Buenos Aires where the political environment would be more favorable and where better medical treatment might be obtained. In January, 1930, he made preparations for the voyage of himself, his wife, and four children. But toward the end of March his illness became worse, and he was not even able to leave his bed. He died April 17, 1930. Bazán writes that those who were with him during his last moments remember that he met his end with entire serenity.

Mariátegui's views are found in his book, *Siete Ensayos de Interpretacion de la Realidad Peruana* (*Seven Essays of Interpretation of Peruvian Reality*), which was published in 1928.

In his essay on the economic evolution of his country, Mariátegui considers first the Inca regime which existed before the Spanish conquest. The Incas had an autocratic, socialistic type of society. But the Spanish conquistadors ended this regime and replaced it with economic feudalism which still persists as semi-feudalism. In the modern period capitalism develops, but not nearly so much in Peru as in countries like the United States. British and United States interests become more and more dominant, the latter gradually superseding the former. In his essay on regionalism, he wrote that Peru is divided both geographically and sociologically into three main divisions: (1) the coast where whites and mestizos live, (2) the sierra where Indians dwell, and (3) the mountain region which is a "colonial dominion of the Peruvian State."

The central problem, according to Mariátegui, is that of the Indian and the land. The solution of the Indian problem, he wrote, is not exclusively educational, moral, racial, or administrative. Instead, the real solution is to be found in the land. To raise the status of the Indian it is necessary to attack the land problem, which means recognizing the right of the Indian to the soil. Thus the semi-feudalism of the large landholders must go. Mariátegui, however, does not accept what he calls the liberal solution, namely, breaking up the large estates into minor units in order to create the small, Indian proprietor. The socialization of the land is his solution, based not only on Marxist doctrines, but also on the historic fact that the ancient Inca Indians had common ownership of the land.

Religion is also considered by the Peruvian Socialist in one of his essays. He recognized the significance of religious institutions and sentiments in human history. In the Inca civilization, religion and state were one. In belief the Indians were pantheists, holding to a "sentimental" rather than a philosophic pantheism. But during the Spanish conquest the Church converted them to Catholicism; the conversion, however, was a matter of form instead of profound belief. Protestantism, according to Mariátegui's interpretation, is closely related to capitalism and the liberal-democratic state. England, United States, and Germany, for example, are countries in which capitalism developed to full expression in contrast to Catholic Spain, France, and Italy. Furthermore, he says that Protestantism penetrated Latin America not by its religious and spiritual power but by its social services, such as that of the Y.M.C.A. Historic materialism, which Mariátegui distinguished from philosophic materialism, holds that church forms and doctrines are peculiar to the economic regime which produces and sustains them. But Mariátegui declares that the religious sentiment cannot be resolved by philosophy as the nineteenth century philosophers tried to do. His essay on religion is concluded by stating that "present revolutionary and social myths can fill the deep consciousness of men with the same fullness as the ancient religious myths."

José Carlos Mariátegui was a man who lived for a clear and definite purpose which gave meaning to his life, despite his great physical handicap. He himself wrote:

> I am not an impartial and objective critic. My judgments are nourished by my ideals, my sentiments, my passions. I have a declared and energetic ambition: To contribute to the creation of Peruvian Socialism.

*The fourth of a series of articles on Latin-American leaders appearing from time to time in the columns of UNITY.

The Study Table

Little Gold and Much Dross

PRIMER FOR AMERICA. *By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 166 pp. $2.00.*

Mr. Coffin has to his credit an impressive list of prose and poetry publications that have endeared him to a large and growing American audience and have assured for him a place among our major contemporary poets. *Primer for America,* a collection of 135 ballads, adds to this list but hardly to the distinction of the author.

When a fine poet, even a major poet, addresses himself to a great theme, the result is not always great poetry, and this volume seems to prove this proposition. Mr. Coffin was quite right when he felt that a book something like this one should be written at this time; he was also right when for the question, "What do we have, besides our liberty, that is peculiarly American?", he proposed an answer like this, "God's plenty! Cut-plug, for one thing. Boys' jackknives, for another. Saturday baked beans, the Saturday night bath. Overalls, for instance, the universal American uniform, etc." But when he starts out to translate the commonplace and obvious into song and ballad, to transmute these simple treasures of American experience into poetry, something happens, and it is not poetry.

The poet, writing in the Foreword to the volume, says this about the production of these verses: "I didn't have to do much of the writing, once they started to come. They took over the pencil. They came fast. . . . Some times I had three or four on my hands, going at once. It was exciting." Maybe it was, but the result is not nearly so exciting for the reader, and this frank confession of the poet would seem to call for some curt and dry observation to the effect that it takes more than inspiration and speed to produce good poetry, and nobody knows this better than the master craftsman, Robert P. Tristram Coffin. If it be countered that "even the worthy Homer sometimes nods," my answer is "Yes, but he did not write 135 ballads while he nodded." Mr. Coffin was not the conscientious and careful poet when he wrote these ballads, for entirely too much trash and trivia slipped through his pen and into these pages, trivia that may appear fun and entertainment to some readers, but to most of them will seem strangely out of tune with the usual tonality of Coffin song.

Possibly the severest criticism that can be levelled against this collection of verse is that it so frequently challenges comparison with other works of the author, such as *Strange Holiness, Maine Ballads* and *There Will Be Bread and Love.* Not that there are not good ballads in this collection; there are. The reader will find on many a page the rollicking rhythms, the swinging, singing lilt and purl, the saltiness and healthy earthiness of the Coffin muse, but there are too many ballads that are just ordinary, that try to skip and dance and only succeed in limping and hobbling along, and this apparent unevenness of the collection is my chief complaint. I believe that Mr. Coffin is in many ways peculiarly equipped to do just what he set out to do in this collection; but he did not do it. In *Primer for America* he has taken the commonplace treasures of American life, he has looked long and affectionately upon the daily American scene, he has dwelt honestly and sympathetically among little things and little people, but of this stuff, the very stuff of vital poetry, he has failed to make "strong song."

This volume has not destroyed my faith in Mr. Coffin's ability; I am only sorry that so fine a poet, one who possesses to so extraordinary a degree the Midas-touch of the literary virtuoso, should in this instance have failed precisely in the matter of the "touch" he laid upon the common things and should have been satisfied to give us so little gold and so much dross.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY.

Candidates Who Failed

THEY ALSO RAN. *By Irving Stone. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 389 pp. $3.50.*

The author of the book had a great idea—to tell the story of the various men who ran for the high office of the presidency in this country, and were defeated! Mr. Stone does not discuss all the "also rans." He limits himself to nineteen: Henry Clay, Lewis Cass, Winfield Scott, John Charles Fremont, Stephen A. Douglas, George B. McClellan, Horatio Seymour, Horace Greeley, Samuel J. Tilden, Winfield Scott Hancock, James G. Blaine, William Jennings Bryan, Alton B. Parker, Charles Evans Hughes, James M. Cox, John W. Davis, Alfred E. Smith, Alfred M. Landon, and Wendell Willkie. There are some missing characters—Aaron Burr, for example! But this is a well-chosen list, and covers the ground.

Mr. Stone is a good historian and a brilliant essayist. The two roles do not always fit in well together. There are times when I wish that he were a better historian and a less brilliant essayist. But he is at all times well-read, vivid, and colorful in his depiction of men and events, and moved by stout convictions as to the worth of his characters, which he never for an instant hides. This leads him to sweeping judgments which one may accept or reject, but which one must hold in respect for their honesty and vigor of presentation.

What I like immensely in this book is Mr. Stone's resounding praise of certain men in our history who have fallen into undeserved neglect, or have never been given the honor which they so richly earned. General Winfield Scott Hancock, for example! Here at last we see this great soldier, able statesman, and noble gentleman recognized as one of the outstanding figures in our American history. Hancock was deservedly called during his lifetime, "Hancock the Superb"—and superb he was in everything he ever touched. As a soldier he never "committed in battle," wrote no less a man than Grant, "a blunder for which he was responsible." As a statesman, he was the one commanding officer in the South after the Civil War who redeemed the black era of military occupation. As a man he was just, gentle, chivalrous, and truly noble. In the campaign of 1880, against James A. Garfield, a clever politician and nothing more, Hancock should have been elected, and would have made an admirable president.

Another brilliant chapter of appreciation in this volume is the one on Horace Greeley, who is here set forth as the truly great man he really was. He also should have been elected as over against Grant. Similar good work is done for Winfield Scott, Lewis Cass, and Horatio Seymour. All these men have dropped into oblivion, but Mr. Stone shows convincingly that they are to be numbered among the great men in our country's history.

On the other hand, it seems to me, Mr. Stone does far less than justice to certain others among the defeated presidential candidates. What shall be said, for example, of his treatment of Henry Clay, which is again and again downright abusive? He is correct, no doubt, in emphasizing that Clay had an itch for the presidency which amounted to a mania, and, in an age of general political corruption, was willing to stoop low to fulfil his high ambition. But there were qualities of greatness in Clay which Mr. Stone altogether misses, and he quite fails to explain, on the basis of his reading of the facts, the truly momentous place which Clay occupied in the critical period of the anti-slavery days. Somewhere, somehow, prejudice against the great Kentuckian has found its way into the author's mind, and has there worked havoc.

A similar failure to recognize elements of greatness in mind and character is found in the chapter on William Jennings Bryan, which reads more like the diatribes directed against Bryan during his active political career than the more sober judgment of posterity now already beginning to appear. His discussion of Bryan's record as Secretary of State in Wilson's cabinet is inexcusably misleading and ill-informed. In the same way, it seems to me again, Mr. Stone does something less than justice to Stephen A. Douglas, as he certainly does far more than justice to John Charles Fremont. On the other hand, his sweeping indictment of James G. Blaine is a thing to warm the soul. In his description of contemporaries, Mr. Stone is less satisfying, for obvious reasons. Yet his account of Alfred E. Smith is in every way admirable.

Mr. Stone is frank in stating his opinion as to whether the voters were wise or unwise in rejecting these candidates. He thinks that the electorate "used sound judgment" in rejecting Clay for Polk, Douglas for Lincoln, Hays for Tilden (as they really did!), Bryan for McKinley, and Blaine for Cleveland. On the other hand, they "were guilty of grievous error" in rejecting Cass for Taylor, Seymour for Grant, and Davis for Coolidge. In the Smith-Hoover contest "the voters had two good men to choose between." His final opinion is that "not even by the meagrest margin has democracy been able to prove that it has the discernment to choose the best man available for the most important office in the land." Which is not much of a compliment for democracy, and scant praise indeed for the men who have been successful in the great quest for the White House!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Commando Raid Into the Future

THE LEGACY OF NAZISM. *By Frank Munk. New York: The Macmillan Co. 282 pp. $2.50.*

Frank Munk underestimates his contribution to our view of the post-war world. He dubs his book only a commando raid "into the whole problem of totalitarian economy and its aftermath." It is both more incisive and elaborate than that, as a comparison of it with the writings of Hiram Motherwell and Herbert Matthews shows. It is a clear-sighted, courageous, learned but creative—if sometimes pedestrian—introductive adventure into the construction, not *re*construction, of a world economy.

The author marshals the available source material—not so microscopic as he hints—to jolt us into the realization that the "old equilibria of social forces" have been irrecoverably wiped out. Powerful gentlemen in world capitals must see the real problem left on their doorsteps by mortician Hitler: the beginning of a new social and economic day.

There is no tiresome cataloging of the evils of Hitler's ten years by the learned professor; he tries to assess the portion of the tornado's doings with which we must reckon. He says that Hitler's tools (or bosses?) have tossed into irrevocable history the last century's style of capitalism. But as he analyzes the Nazi economy for the reader, taking a Baedeker through the cartels and all the different types of corporation in Hitlerdom, Munk expresses his hope that some Nazi instruments, used by current masters for foul purposes, can be transformed into aids to a new economy, under international control and ultimately under some globe-wide association of nations. Example: The Goering-Werke should be conserved.

It will not bore you to read what this Bohemian-born scholar has to record, in his commando raid, about tariffs, nationalism, depressions, federalistic groupings, the future of European Jewry, the psychology of the subjugated. It is not a flawlessly objective book, but the partisanship adds spice to scholarship. And your ego will expand as you detect some of the author's naive political inferences. A reading of this well-outlined, well-indexed volume will cushion you against the outrageous flings of the future.

ROBERT S. HOAGLAND.

The Story of a Great Friendship

SHELTERING TREE. *By Hubert H. Hoeltje. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 209 pp. $3.50.*

This is the most important book dealing with Emerson and Alcott since the publication of the former's *Letters* and the latter's *Journal*. All available source material has been used, and Professor Hoeltje, the well-known student of American letters, has, in addition, been given access to unpublished material available to only a few scholars. The result is the last word in Emerson-Alcott studies, and it will not be surpassed for many a year. Even the title of the book is superbly chosen. "Friendship is a sheltering tree," said Coleridge, and the unforgettable phrase fits admirably. Alcott certainly had at least one trait in common with Coleridge, his desire for interminable conversation. Emerson, though far superior to both Coleridge and Alcott, also held to the dialectic method.

Alcott and Emerson first met in the summer of 1835. Alcott in background, education, and all else was quite different from Emerson, yet the two men liked each other from the first. "And Emerson came to Boston not only to lecture, but also to visit this fellow admirer of Coleridge, this lover of Plato to whom the *Dialogues* were a primer of speculation and action and who employed them in his school as many a lesser teacher employed the multiplication table or the alphabet." In this revealing sentence, Professor Hoeltje gives the setting for the story of America's greatest literary friendship. Alcott, the self-disciplined philosopher and self-taught transcendentalist, inspired Emerson who was more reserved and reflective. Alcott admired Emerson so much that he tried to imitate him in writing, in lecturing, and in general deportment. But Alcott lacked the profundity of Emerson, and, although Emerson encouraged him at first, Alcott never really achieved fame as a writer. Then, too, Alcott let himself be carried away with Utopian theories which the more conservative Emerson avoided. But the sincerity of their friend-

ship shines out right here: it was Emerson who unselfishly shared his slender means with Alcott that he might visit England, try the Fruitlands experiment, and in other ways achieve self-fulfillment. No greater test of friendship than this exists in American letters. In one respect Emerson shared his neighbor's enthusiasm, for by this time Alcott had moved to Concord to be near his benefactor; they both believed in the cause of personal freedom and in "the New West." In 1857 Emerson again dipped into his slender means to help the struggling Abolitionists of Kansas in their none-too-hopeful fight for freedom. Kansas and Missouri never forgot the interest of Emerson and Alcott who later were well known and highly honored in both these states. The St. Louis Philosophical Society, which is just now beginning to receive its just appraisement, brought Emerson and Alcott to the Mississippi-Missouri Valley and tendered them every honor, for shortly after the war between the states everybody recognized that the two Concord friends had been right. It is significant, in this connection, to note that in the past few weeks W. T. Harris, the friend of the two Concord men, has been selected, along with Mark Twain, as among the ten greatest Missourians. But it is likely that Harris would have remained an unknown pedagogue had he not shared in the Emerson-Alcott friendship. Thus, in a larger sense, does friendship become a sheltering tree.

This story of a great friendship is also a biography of both men as their lives entwined over the years. Recently we have had many varieties of biography, but perhaps the most satisfying way to write a biography is by way of friendship. A man reveals his real self only as he shares himself. In his letters and journals, valuable as these are, we never could find all of Emerson. But in his friendships we find the greatness of the man who bore out in his life his own unforgettable words: "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

CHARLES A. HAWLEY

Help and Encouragement

TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF. *By John Homer Miller. Nashville: Abingdon Cokesbury Press. 197 pp. $1.50.*

"You are more interested in yourself than in anything else in the world." That being so, the author proceeds by way of illustration to describe the attitudes, ambitions, faiths, and preoccupations that give happy value to the self. "Human life is so arranged that you are not so much punished for your sins as by your sins." And so the author explains the attractive pitfalls leading to personality disaster. Although frequently it seems that we are reading from an illustration file there are refreshing times of pointed, original writing. This is especially true in the four chapters regarding health. If one is looking for suggestive helpfulness that is also encouraging and related to many kinds of daily difficulty and discouragement, here is the book.

J. DONALD JOHNSTON.

Correspondence

Mr. Allinson's Errors and Fictions

TO UNITY:

I cannot conscientiously ask UNITY to give me the space requisite for an adequate and full rejoinder to Brent D. Allinson's alleged reply to my short piece on the pacifists' objections to the demand for the unconditional surrender of the predatory German and Japanese war cliques. Mere rhetoric does not call for any refutation. Wishful thinking is too transparent to demand puncturing. Let me, then, direct attention to two, just two vital points in the "reply." If these are disposed of, the rest need not trouble any thoughtful reader.

1. We are told by Mr. Allinson that the fruits of the peace of Versailles were so bitter that "even the American Senate and people could not stomach them and would not enforce their terms" in any way whatever. The word "even" cannot logically or fairly be used in any reference to the position of the reactionary Senate during the long struggle over the peace and the League of Nations. The Senate was dominated by a group of venomous Wilson-haters, of die-hards, of fanatical Republican partisans, and blind isolationists. Lodge, whose tactics in that fight were utterly unscrupulous and dishonest, said expressly that he had no objection to the terms of the Versailles treaty, harsh as they were, and all that he was working for was the rejection of the League by the United States. Lodge admitted in letters to fellow-conspirators that he could not hope to kill the treaty by a direct, frontal attack, but must, in the words of Senator Claude Pepper, kiss it to death. His fatal kiss took the form of seventeen reservations, some of which Wilson described as treacherous and nullifying. The American people, Lodge knew, overwhelmingly favored our entry into the League without any conditions. He knew that he had to deceive them, poison their minds, play the hypocritical role of a better friend of peace and world cooperation than Wilson was.

Mr. Allinson seems to have forgotten two important facts—that Harding, in his campaign, declared himself to be sincerely in favor of "an association of nations" to preserve peace and prevent aggressive warfare, and that some thirty-odd eminent Republicans of national reputation, including Hoover, Butler, Taft, Wickersham, Hughes, and others, assured the voters in a manifesto that the election of Harding would *not* involve or mean the rejection of the League by the Republican administration.

All the talk of the isolationists about our deliberate rejection of the League is, therefore, sheer distortion of the truth of history.

2. The Versailles peace was severe, but relatively humane. Most of the writers who assert that it was cruel, inconsistent with the Wilson Fourteen Points, have not read its terms, and imagine vain things. Even Germany was given solid ground for hope of mitigation and relief by the terms of the Covenant. The Dawes and Young plans, so-called, exemplified that promise of mitigation and improvement. We came to the aid of Germany and poured hundreds of millions into her body economic and political to facilitate its rehabilitation. Germany was welcomed as a full-fledged member by the League. The Weimar Republic could count confidently on the good will of the former allies, and its steady progress was assured. Hitler, the economic illiterate, started World War II after overthrowing the republic. The Junkers had accepted him because they thought they could use him for their own fell purposes. Nazism was, and is, a fraud and a curse.

Mr. Allinson speaks of an "unreconstructed British empire" and "the insatiable Soviet Bear." These are figments of his own imagination. Britain will continue to evolve, India has been promised autonomy and dominion status, and Russia is quite reasonable and cooperative. She is more reasonable than the United States was when it invented a pretext for a war of conquest at the expense of Mexico and annexed an empire. Russia wants peace and the chance to develop and complete her form of Socialism. As for the liquidation of the American Republic by Roosevelt that is Mr. Allinson's nightmare. Let him try to quiet down and face reality. The Republic is menaced by plutocrats and Bourbons, not by the righteous war upon the Hitlers and Tojos, who must be crushed if we are to have security and peace.

La Jolla, California. VICTOR S. YARROS.